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Scherner Presents # 7

How to make your Bed

Ellis Weiner

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How to Clean your Room

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? Title missing

How to Have Good Table
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SHINING TIME STATION

SCHEMER PRESENTS #7

How To Make Your Bed

By

Ellis Weiner

From Characters and Storylines Created By
Britt Allcroft and Rick Siggelkow

REVISED
JANUARY 4/93

FADE IN

(SCHEMER'S BEDROOM-DAY)
(AREA IS UNNATURALLY NEAT AND
TIDY--MOST OF THE USUAL JUNK IS
NOWHERE IN SIGHT. THE BED IS
CLOSED. SCHEMER SITS IN CHAIR,
NEATLY GROOMED. TAPE NEARBY PLAYS
MUSIC; HE SHUTS OFF)

ANNOUNCER(VO):

Schemer Presents! A
series of instructional-
yet-fun videos, produced,
written, and directed by
Schemer. Starring Schemer
himself, and taped on
location in his own
personal bedroom. And
now, let's join Schemer.

SCHEMER:

Hi, kids! And wow! Guess
what?!

(STOPS; SHAKES HEAD)

No. Sorry. Wait a minute.

(MELLOW, "TASTEFUL")

Hello. Welcome back to
Schemer Presents. I'm
Schemer, and you...well,
you know who you are.
And, whoever you are, I
know you're saying to
yourselves or to each
other or to your mommy or
daddy, "Wow. Look how
neat Schemer's room is."

(HE RISES AND STROLLS, GIVING US A
TOUR. HAND HELD CAMERA FOLLOWS)

needed?

Perhaps start
out with intro
and then
repetition of
Schemer
quickly throwing
everything on
bed before
Backy comes

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

And it is neat, isn't it?
That's because I believe
that neatness is important.
Your room is like your brain,
and vice-versa. And that's why
I've asked my friend Becky to join us for
today's very special, very important lesson.

*a place for everything
and everything in its place*
? *better transition needed*

(THE DOOR BELL RINGS)

SCHEMER:

(TO CAMERA)

Here's Becky. Watch how
delighted and impressed
she is when she beholds
the magnificent tidiness
of my super-neat room.

(BECKY STEPS IN UNCERTAINLY, PUZZLED.
LOOKS AROUND AS SCHEMER SMIRKS
AT HER, AT CAMERA, AT SCHEME.
FINALLY, TO SCHEMER--)

BECKY:

Where's all your stuff?

SCHEMER:

Why, where else, Becky?
It's all stowed away,
clean as a pin and neat
as a whistle. Impressed?

BECKY:

Well...

SCHEMER:

What do you mean, well?
Do you know how long it
took me to clean this
place up? Ten whole
minutes!

(CONT'D)

BECKY:

But where is everything?
All the toys and games
and balloons and dolls
and models and stuff?

(SHE GLANCES TOWARD CLOSET, AND
STARTS TO PONDER. HE INTERRUPTS
THIS BY DRAGGING HER ACROSS TO
EASEL)

SCHEMER:

I told you. They are in
their place. That's what
you're here to help me
talk about, isn't it?

awkward

(SHOWS HER SIGN; READS)

"How to Clean Up Your
Room"

BECKY:

But you already cleaned
it up. There's nothing
left for me to do.

SCHEMER:

Of course there is. You
can say, "Boy, Schemer,
you really cleaned up
this room!"

*did a great job of cleaning
up the room*

(BECKY TURNS BACK TO THE CLOSET
DOOR. MECHANICALLY--)

BECKY:

Boy-Schemer-you-really-cleaned-up
this-room.

(BEAT; RE CLOSET)

What about the closet?

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

What about it?

BECKY:

Did you clean that up,
too?

SCHEMER:

(HUFFY)

Yes, I cleaned that up,
too. Look, forget the
closet. Today's show is,
how to clean your room.
Not your closet.

BECKY:

Can I see inside?

SCHEMER:

What for.

BECKY:

Because I think that's
where you hid all the
stuff. That's why the
room is so neat. You took
all the junk you had all
over the room and just
shoved it in the closet.
Right?

SCHEMER:

Wrong. There's no reason
to look in the closet.
It's neat and clean and
closed for the day. Close
it. Closet. Okay?

] ? is this a direct lie?
]

(TO CAMERA; GRINNING)

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Instead, let's talk to our millions of viewers out there who are dying to ask us, "Hey, Schemer and little Becky! How the heck can I get my room to be neat and clean as Schemer's?"

BECKY:

I'm going to open the door.

(HE RUNS OVER AND STEERS HER AWAY FROM IT)

SCHEMER:

Forget it. You are going to help me teach ~~How~~ to Clean Up Your Room.

the bags & gals

(TO CAMERA; GRINNING)

Hey--how DO you clean up your room? Well, it's very simple. You pick up your stuff, and you put it somewhere.

(BECKY PAUSES, THINKING. THEN MARCHES OVER TO CLOSET. PUTS HER HAND ON THE KNOB. HESITATES--THEN TAKES HER HAND OFF. SCHEMER SIGNALS CAM TO FOLLOW HIM TO STAGE RIGHT, IE, ON OTHER SIDE OF BED, AWAY FROM CLOSET. HE GOES TO REAR SHELF, ON WHICH A SPARSE HANDFUL OF OBJECTS ARE CAREFULLY, NEATLY ARRANGED. BECKY STAYS AT CLOSET, FROWNING AT IT. CAMERA IS TORN BETWEEN WHOM TO LOOK AT)

too tedious

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

(PICKS UP TOY)

This, for instance. When you clean your room, you have to put this somewhere. Now--Becky?--where do you put it?

BECKY:

In the closet.

SCHEMER:

(FORCED LAUGH)

No, guess again.

(BEAT; CAMERA)

Right here. On a shelf. You pick up something and you put it right here--

(SHE HESITATES, THEN FLINGS IT OPEN, CRINGING. IT'S NEAT, TIDY, ALMOST EMPTY. SCHEMER LAUGHS TRIUMPHANTLY AND SCURRIES OVER TO HER, STANDS BESIDE CLOSET ENTRANCE WITH HIS HAND ON THE OPEN DOOR)

SCHEMER:

See?

BECKY:

I don't get it. Where is everything?

SCHEMER:

Just where it should be.

(HE SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT AND DOES A SING-SONG CHANT)

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Nyah-nyah, I told you so.
Nyah-nyah--

} needed?

(THE BED, JARRED BY THE SLAMMED DOOR, FALLS SLOWLY DOWN OF ITS OWN WEIGHT: ON IT IS A TON OF TOYS, BALLS, GAMES, ETC., WHICH SPILL OFF ONTO THE FLOOR AS SOON AS IT HITS. SCHEMER FALLS SILENT.)

BECKY:

Now I get it.

}

SCHEMER:

So, big deal.

BECKY:

Schemer, you have to put all this stuff away. Plus you have to make this bed.

SCHEMER:

I...I sort of don't know how to make the bed.

BECKY:

Then let's start with that.

(TO CAMERA)

This is how to make a bed. First, you get all the junk off it.

}

(SHE WATCHES AS SCHEMER REMOVES THE STUFF, MAINLY DROPPING IT ON FLOOR OR SHOVING IT ONTO SHELVES, ETC. FINALLY, BED IS CLEAR BUT UNMADE)

(CONT'D)

BECKY:

You pull all the blankets
and sheets back from the
pillow end, and from the
foot end. Then you tuck
them in one at a time.

(AT FOOT END)

Tuck the sheet in here...
(TO PILLOW END)

...and smooth it out
here. Then you do the
same with the blankets.
Make sure the ends are
tucked in at the foot
end, and that everything
folds back before it
reaches the pillow. Then
you put the pillow on and
smooth out the top layer.

t tedious ?

(FINISHES; TO SCHEMER)

There. See?

SCHEMER:

That's all? Hey, I can do
that.

BECKY:

Well, you do it next
time. You have something
else to do now.

SCHEMER:

Really? What?

BECKY:

Clean up your room.

SCHEMER:

Will you show me how?

(CONT'D)

BECKY:

Oh, I don't know--

SCHEMER:

Great!

(HE CROSSES TO EASEL, PICKS UP MARKER, AND CROSSES OUT "CLEAN UP YOUR ROOM". WRITES, INSTEAD, "MAKE YOUR BED".

SCHEMER:

(TO CAMERA)

Thanks for watching "How To Make Your Bed." Practice making your own bed tomorrow. It's an important part of your overall neatness, like tying shoes or tucking in your shirt.

BECKY:

And cleaning your room.

SCHEMER:

I was just going to say that. Coming up next: How to Clean Your Room. That's when I hope to see you seeing me, when Schemer Presents, "Schemer Presents!"

(HE STARTS FINAL MUSIC AND LOWERS CREDITS. HE LIFTS BED INTO CLOSED POSITION AS BECKY LOOKS IN DESPAIR AT THE MESS ALL OVER THE FLOOR, AND WE FADE OUT)



SHINING TIME STATION

SCHEMER PRESENTS #8

How to Clean Your Room

By

Ellis Weiner

From Characters and Storylines Created By
Britt Allcroft and Rick Siggelkow

Revised
January 4/93

(CONT'D)

*This one has many
distractors*

FADE IN
(SCHEMER'S BEDROOM-DAY)

(SAME SETTING AS AT END OF SHOW 7:
A COMPLETE MESS OF TOYS, GAMES,
INFLATABLE DOLLS, MODELS, ETC. ALL
OVER THE FLOOR. BED IS UP AND AWAY.
BECKY IS SURVEYING THE CHAOS.
SCHEMER IS ABSORBED IN PLAYING WITH
OR EXAMINING SOME TOY AS THE THEME
MUSIC PLAYS)

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series of instructional-
yet-fun videos, pro-
duced, written, and
directed by Schemer.
Starring Schemer himself,
and taped on location in
his own personal bedroom.
And now, let's join
Schemer.

(SCHEMER STILL OBLIVIOUS, MUSIC
STILL PLAYS. BECKY LOOKS EXASPERAT-
ED, MARCHES OVER TO PLAYER, AND
SHUTS IT OFF)

SCHEMER:

Sorry. Right. Welcome
back to Schemer Presents.
I'm Schemer, and this--

(RE BECKY)

--is Presents.

(CHUCKLES)

Oh, Schemer, you wag,
you. But seriously: this
is Becky. She just helped
me make my bed, and now
she's going to clean up
my room. Isn't that
great? Let's watch.

?? ? ?
gohester

(HE TURNS TO BECKY, SMILING, AND
WATCHES. SHE STARES BACK.)

(CONT'D)

BECKY:

Forget it, Schemer.

SCHEMER:

But you promised!

(BEAT;GIVES IN)

Okay, you didn't promise.

(HE CROSSES TO EASEL AND SIGN: "HOW
TO CLEAN YOUR ROOM)

SCHEMER:

Actually I promised. I
promised to show you How
To Clean Up Your Room,
but we got sidetracked
last time on How to Make
Your Bed. Actually my
bed. Anyway, it's made,
so let's move on. My
young friend Becky here
has some tips on how to
get your own room ship-n-
shape. But first...

(HE STARTS TO STROLL, LECTURING.
CAMERA FOLLOWS)

SCHEMER:

Why is it important to
clean your room? Be-
cause...wait a minute,
don't tell
me...because...

(HE GROPEs FOR A REASON. SUDDENLY A
CRUNCH AS HE CRUSHES A TOY. HE
LOSES FOOTING, WAVERS, FALLS. GETS
UP WITH BROKEN TOY.)

(CONT'D)

BECKY:

That's why it's important. So you can walk across the floor without breaking your toys or your neck. So you can find stuff when you want to. And so you don't lose little pieces and parts of big toys so they become useless.

SCHEMER:

You are so right. I can't believe how right you are. So how do we start?

(CAMERA PANS TO BECKY [SCHEMER IS OUT OF FRAME]. SHE IS AT A LOSS, STRUGGLING FOR WORDS, AND SO DOES NOT LOOK AT SCHEMER)

BECKY:

Well...The thing to do is, ^a first, you want to separate everything into groups. Like get all the balls together, all the dolls, all the cars, all the games...Do you have any boxes?

(SHE'S STILL LOOKING AROUND, NOT AT SCHEMER. HE SAYS NOTHING)

BECKY:

Schemer...?

(FINALLY SHE LOOKS UP AND OVER AT HIM. PAN TO SCHEMER: HE HAS ON A RIDICULOUS, ELABORATE MASK (EG. A NINJA TURTLE SEWER MASK), AND IS PLAYING WITH A BIG, SHOWY TOY. SHE GOES OVER TO HIM, ANGRY)

(CONT'D)

BECKY:

Schemer. The first thing
you have to learn about
cleaning up is--

(TAKES TOY FROM HIM)

Don't play with the stuff
you're trying to put
away!

SCHEMER:

But I like it. It's neat.

what? weak

BECKY:

You'll never get this
place clean if you fool
around with everything.
Okay?

SCHEMER:

(SULKING)

O-kay...

BECKY:

Now, do you have any
boxes, or cartons?

(SCHEMER SHRUGS, LOOKS AWAY, MUM-
BLES)

BECKY:

Then we can't do any-
thing. I'm going back to
the station.

can begin by saying

SCHEMER:

Wait! You can't leave!
Okay, I'll get some
boxes. How many--two,
three?

(CONT'D)

BECKY:

Schemer, you are dealing
with a total mess here.
You need more than two or
three.

SCHEMER:

(TO CAMERA; EXPERTLY)

When dealing with a total
mess, you need more than
two or three boxes.

BECKY:

I'll go back to the
station while you get the
boxes. I'll meet you back
here in an hour.

SCHEMER:

It's a deal.

(TO CAMERA)

Stop the tape.

(TO SCHEEME)

Put the Slinky down and
stop the tape!

(SCHEMER GLARES AT CAMERA, SEES
SCHEEME ISN'T LISTENING, AND CHARG-
ES TOWARD CAMERA. CAMERA REACTS,
SWINGS WILDLY)

SCHEMER:

Scheeme! Get back here!

(JUMP CUT TO)

(SAME VIEW. LATER. THE CUT IS
AWKWARD, UNSMOOTH--OBVIOUSLY THEY
JUST STOPPED THE CAMERA, THEN
TURNED IT ON LATER. NOW WE SEE THAT
THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH BOXES:
LIQUOR CARTONS, SHOE BOXES, GIANT
CARTONS FROM SUPERMARKETS, ETC. WE
CAN'T SEE SCHEMER; BOXES ARE PILED
UP EVERYWHERE, OBSCURING THE ROOM
ITSELF. ALL WE HEAR IS THE TINNY
ELECTRONIC MUSIC OF A GAMEBOY-TYPE
DEVICE. BEAT)

77 not needed

(CONT'D)

(THE DOORBELL RINGS. SCHEMER,
HIDDEN BEHIND BOXES, YELLS)

SCHEMER:

Come in!

(CAMERA SWINGS TOWARD ENTRANCE TO
ROOM. AMID THE BOXES, WE SEE OR
SENSE SOMEONE TRYING TO OPEN THE
DOOR. [IT'S BLOCKED BY THE BOXES]
IT'S BECKY. SHE TRIES TO SHOVE HER
WAY IN)

BECKY:

It's stuck!

SCHEMER:

It's the boxes! Did I get
enough?

BECKY:

Schemer...I'm going to
walk around the block. If
I can't get into this
room by the time I get
back, forget it.

Tedious

SCHEMER:

What does "forget
mean?"

not funny

(THE DOOR SLAMS)

SCHEMER:

Stop the tape!

(JUMP CUT TO: SAME VIEW, LATER. THE
ROOM IS STILL A MESS, BUT THE BOXES
HAVE BEEN TAMED. THERE ARE SEVERAL
HERE AND THERE, SOME INSIDE EACH
OTHER, BUT IT'S POSSIBLE TO ENTER
AND MOVE AROUND. SCHEMER IS JUST
USHERING BECKY INTO ROOM THROUGH
DOOR)

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

See? All nice and neat.

(BECKY PICKS UP A TOY, BLOWS: A
CLOUD OF DUST. SHE SIGHS)

BECKY:

Put all the balls in a
box.

SCHEMER:

Can do!

(BEAT)

Will you hand them to me,
please?

BECKY:

(SLAMS BOX INTO HIS HAND)

I'll pick up the trucks.

(SCHEMER STARTS TO OBJECT, BUT
SHE'S ALREADY PICKING STUFF UP. HE
STARTS TO GATHER STUFF--AND STOPS)

SCHEMER:

Stop the tape.

(JUMP CUT TO: SAME VIEW, A LITTLE
LATER-A BOX MARKED BALLS IS ON A
SHELF, NEXT TO A BOX MARKED TRUCKS.
BECKY IS PICKING UP GAMES, WHILE
SCHEMER HOLDS A BOX AND GRINS AT
THE CAMERA)

SCHEMER:

I thought it would be a
good idea to pick up all
the model planes.

(HE PICKS ONE UP, AND GROWS IN-
TRIGUED. PUTS DOWN BOX. STARTS
ZOOMING IT THROUGH THE AIR, DOING
SWOOPS, ETC.)

*why not
cooperate*

✓

7

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

This is Red Leader to
Base! Red Leader to Base!
Mayday! May--

BECKY:

Schemer!

(--AND HE PUTS IT IN BOX, AND
RESUMES PICKING UP. WHISPERS--)

SCHEMER:

Stop the tape.

(JUMP CUT TO: SAME VIEW. A BIT
LATER. THE ROOM IS NEAT. EVERYTHING
IS IN BOXES. SCHEMER IS EXHAUSTED
AS HE PUTS THE FINAL BOX IN PLACE)

SCHEMER:

There. Are you satisfied?

BECKY:

It looks great.

SCHEMER:

It does?

BECKY:

You did a good job. I'll
see you back at the sta-
tion. Bye, Scheme.

(SHE WAVES AND EXITS. SCHEMER IS
PLEASED WITH HIMSELF. TO CAMERA--)

(MORE)

too many times

No

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER: *Becky*

Okay? See how it's done?
You organize things and
put them in containers. A
place for everthing and
everything in its place.

(PAUSE; WORRIED)

Where's Red Leader?
Where's that plane?

(HE RUNS IN PANIC TO THE PLANES
BOX--IT'S NEAR THE TAPE PLAYER--AND
STARTS FLINGING THE OTHER PLANES
OUT ONTO THE FLOOR IN HIS SEARCH
FOR THE ONE HE'D BEEN PLAYING WITH
BEFORE. THIS GOES ON FOR A SECOND
OR TWO [MAKING A NEW MESS] WHEN--)

(BECKY RE-ENTERS THROUGH DOOR)

BECKY:

Schemer, I forgot. Stacy
wanted me to ask you to
bring a--

(SHE STOPS, APPALLED AT WHAT SHE
SEES. HE IS STARTLED, DESPERATELY
STARTS THE THEME MUSIC, YANKS DOWN
THE CREDITS--)

SCHEMER:

(TO CAMERA; RAPIDLY)

I hope to see you seeing
me next time when Schemer
presents, "Schemer Pres-
ents." HELP!

(--AND FALLS TO HIS KNEES, COVERING
HIS HEAD WITH HIS ARMS, AS THOUGH
IN AN AIR RAID DRILL. BECKY SHAKES
HER HEAD AND WITHDRAWS. HOLD ON
THIS AND FADE OUT)

negative modeling

Comment by Schemer needed



SHINING TIME STATION

SCHEMER PRESENTS #9

By

Ellis Weiner

Characters and Storylines Created By
Britt Allcroft and Rick Siggelkow

REVISED
JANUARY 6/93

Title
How to Get a Good
Table Manners

(CONT'D)

(FADE IN)
(SCHEMER'S ~~BEDROOM~~-DAY)

(MAIN AREA. BUT SCHEMER IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT. FRONT AND CENTER IS A SMALL CARD TABLE SET FOR A MEAL. SUDDENLY DOOR BANGS OPEN AND SCHEMER ENTERS, CARRYING FULLY-LADEN TRAY: SPAGETTI IN SAUCE, SALAD, BREAD, DRINK. HE MAKES HIS WAY TO TAPE PLAYER AND [STILL HOLDING TRAY] MANAGES TO START MUSIC. THEN PUTS TRAY DOWN AND UNLOADS PLATE, ETC. ONTO TABLE UNDER--)

ANNOUNCER(VO):

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(HE TURNS OFF TAPE)

SCHEMER:

And now, let's join lunch!

(HE SITS DOWN, ZESTFULLY RUBS HANDS TOGETHER, TUCKS CHECKERED NAPKIN IN SHIRT--THEN STOPS, AND WINKS AT CAMERA)

SCHEMER:

Ah-ah! What's wrong with this picture? "Schemer, what about today's lesson?" Hey. I hear ya.

(GETS UP, ESCORTS US ⁰VER TO EASEL, AND SIGN: HOW TO HAVE GOOD TABLE MANNERS)

*Title missing
from title page*

*Weak
Not a very important
lesson*

Not very well presented

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Funny you should ask.
Today's lesson is, How to
Have Good Table Manners.

(STROLLS BACK TO TABLE UNDER--)

SCHEMER:

I'm going to demonstrate
how to have good manners
while I actually eat my
own lunch before your
very eyes. But first, of
course, one question:
Why. Why is it important
to have good table man-
ners?

(STOPS AT TABLE. AS HE SPEAKS, HE
LOFTS A STRAND OF SPAGHETTI FROM
PLATE AND DANGLES IT.)

SCHEMER:

Because eating is one of
those activities where
it's very easy to offend
other people.

(HE CATCHES WITH HIS MOUTH AND
SLURPS IT IN)

SCHEMER:

And you don't want to do
that.

] talks with his mouth full

(LOFTS ANOTHER STRAND)

You want to respect other
people. Just as you want
them to respect you.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER(CONT'D):

(SLURPS IT IN)

Yeah! Boy, I'm hungry.

(BURPS)

So that's why table manners are important. I'm going to talk about the general overall theory of table manners, and then I'll start eating.

(HE GAZES AT LUNCH;BEAT)

Nah. First I'll eat.

(HE SITS, DONS NAPKINS, SHAKES
CHEESE ONTO SPAGHETTI, ETC.,
UNDER--)

SCHEMER:

You know, it's interesting. This is one of those occasions where I, personally, have nothing to learn. I have plenty of good table manners. Tons of 'em. It's like I have a big canvas bag of them in a crate, and the crate is my head, and the bag is my mind. That's how fully-loaded I am with good table manners.

doesn't quite work

(AS HE SHOVES A FORKFUL INTO HIS MOUTH, THE DOOR BELL RINGS)

SCHEMER:

Great. Perfect.

(HE GETS UP, EXITS SET, RETURNS A MOMENT LATER FOLLOWED BY ED: A BIG, EXPRESSIVE HOUSEPAINTER)

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

I told you, my mommy's
not here.

ED:

No problem. She asked me
to give her an estimate
on painting the house.
Just act like I'm not
here.

*Don't pay any attention to me
just pretend she not here*

(HOLDS HAND OUT)

Ed Hooey.

SCHEMER:

Thanks. Ed Hooey to you
too.

ED:

Get me out, you nut!
That's my name.

(no)

SCHEMER:

Hooey? That's really your
name?

(SHAKES HANDS)

Schemer.

ED:

Mr. Schemer, be my guest.
Eat, drink, live and
love. Act like I'm not
here.

SCHEMER:

Okay, fine.

(AS SOON AS SCHEMER STUFFS HIS
MOUTH WITH SPAGHETTI, ED INDICATES
SCHEME)

needed?

(CONT'D)

ED:

That kid's taking pic-
tures of us. Is that
legal?

SCHEMER:

(MOUTH FULL)

Mmmfmf-nphwmn.

ED:

Hey. Don't talk with food
in your mouth. That's
terrible.

SCHEMER:

My nephew. We're taping a
show about table manners.
Do you mind?

ED:

Absolutely not. Just act
like I'm not here.

(BEAT; RE LUNCH)

Spaghetti, right?

SCHEMER:

Right! Spaghetti!

ED:

I knew it. You can always
tell spaghetti because it
is so distinctive.

SCHEMER:

Can I--

ED:

Just like linguine, only
thinner.

3?

3rd time

rounder

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Can I please do what I'm
doing?

ED:

Sir, as far as I'm con-
cerned, you can do what
you're doing, ^{or} you can do
what you're not doing.
Just do it. Me, it's like
I'm not here.

(SCHEMER LOOKS EXASPERATED, GES-
TURES TO CAMERA, HUNCHES OVER
LUNCH, MUTTERS TO US AS HE SHOVELS
IT IN.)

SCHEMER:

Okay. I'm eating. But I
have to talk about table
manners, too, because
we're running out of
time. So. Utensils.
Knife, fork, and spoon.
Use 'em. If you're in a
hurry, use two, fork in
one hand, spoon in the
other. Keep your face
over the plate and
breathe, breathe--

ED:

Hold it. Stop right
there.

SCHEMER:

I thought you weren't
here.

setting old & tiresome
because we don't know
why

(CONT'D)

ED:

This is your nephew here.
I'm ashamed and embar-
rassed for you with this
display in front of the
young man.

(TO SCHEMEE)

Excuse your uncle, okay?

SCHEMER:

Hey, he doesn't excuse
me. I excuse him!
Schemee, I excuse you.
You don't excuse me.

(TO ED)

Don't you have to go
count the walls or
something?

ED:

Look at you. Who eats
like this? Nobody eats
like this. Except ani-
mals, and they don't eat
like this. And they're
animals.

SCHEMER:

Yes they do--

(ED GOES TO HIM, PROPS HIM UP,
ETC.; UNDER--)

SCHEMER:

This is how you eat. You
sit up straight. Put your
napkin on your lap. You
keep your left hand in
your lap unless you're
using it to hold the fork
while you're using the
knife. You bring the food
up to your face, not the
other way around.

(MORE)

pay-off

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER (CONT'D):

(HAND FEEDS SCHEMER)

Ba-boom, ba-bing, boom.
There.

(MOUTH FULL)

Wow. Say--

ED:

(SLAPS HIM)

Don't talk with your
mouth full! How many
times do I have to tell
you?

(SCHEMER NODS, CHEWS, GETTING INTO
IT. GROWS CHIPPER)

SCHEMER:

(CHANTING, PLAYFULLY)

Gimme the salt, I want
the salt, gimme the salt,
HO!

(ED GRABS SALT, HOLDS IT OUT OF
SCHEMER'S REACH)

ED:

Young man, you want the
salt, you ask for it
nicely. "Please pass the
salt."

SCHEMER:

Please pass the salt.

(ED HANDS HIM SALT. SCHEMER SPEAKS
TO CAMERA WHILE SHAKING SALT)

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

So there you have it. Sit
up, napkin on lap, please
and thank you, don't talk
with your mouth full.
Don't shove your face
into your plate. Ask
nicely for the salt.

(TOED)

Okay?

(ED NODS STERNLY. SCHEMER GETS
UP, GOES TO CASSETTE MACHINE, TURNS
IT ON, STARTING THEME MUSIC. PULLS
DOWN CREDITS. RETURNS AND SITS)

SCHEMER:

Meanwhile, I hope to see
you seeing me next time,
when Schemer presents,
"Schemer Presents!"

(SCHEMER SIGHS WITH RELIEF, AND
PUTS ELBOWS ON TABLE)

ED:

ELBOWS OFF THE TABLE!

(--WHICH SO SCARES SCHEMER HE
JERKS, FALLS OFF CHAIR, AND KNOCKS
HIS HE PLATE OF SPAGHETTI OFF TABLE ON
TOP OF HIM. BEAT)

ED(OC):

You disgust me.

BLACK OUT

*not a very
important lesson*

no



SHINING TIME STATION

SCHEMER PRESENTS #10

How To Get Dressed

By

Ellis Weiner

From Characters and Storylines Created By
Britt Allcroft and Rick Siggelkow.

REVISED
JANUARY 6/93

(FADE IN)
(SCHEMER'S BEDROOM-DAY)

(MAIN AREA, WHICH IS DOMINATED BY A DRESSING SCREEN. NEARBY, IN A JACKET AND TIE, STANDS DAN, LOOKING NOT TOO CRAZY ABOUT THINGS, AND A CLOTHES VALET DRAPED WITH SCHEMER'S SHIRT, PANTS, SUSPENDERS, SOCKS, TIE, JACKET, AND SHOES)

ANNOUNCER(VO):

Schemer Presents! A series of instructional-yet-fun videos, produced, written, and directed by Schemer. Starring Schemer himself, and taped on location in his own personal bedroom. And now, let's join Schemer.

(DAN STEPS FORWARD, SOMEWHAT SULKILY, AND SPEAKS TO CAMERA)

DAN:

Hi. I'm Dan. Schemer has this really stupid idea--

(FROM BEHIND THE SCREEN, SCHEMER CLEARS HIS THROAT)

DAN:

Anyway, Schemer wants me to introduce today's lesson, so I'm supposed to say, um...

(TRIES TO REMEMBER)

"In our excellent search for a man who makes clothes--

Weak episode

*Premise - that money
is coming is weak
pay off is disappointing
arguments are tedious*

3

3 *cray*

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

(FROM BEHIND SCREEN)

In our search for excellence, clothes make the man.

DAN:

--yeah, so, but how do we--what is it...?

(SCHEMER COMES OUT FROM BEHIND SCREEN, IN HIS UNDERWEAR)

SCHEMER:

How do we put them on for maximum effectiveness!

(SHAKES HEAD, DISGUSTED--THN SEE CAMERA, AND REALIZES HE'S ON)^

SCHEMER:

Hi. Schemer Presents, I'm Schemer--and, yes, this is my underwear. Sure, these days, you see people in their underwear on tv, you think: Ho hum. But today is different.

(HE STARTS TO STROLL ACROSS STAGE TOWARDS EASEL.)

SCHEMER:

As my young friend Dan here said--sort of--today we're going to talk about clothes. People say to me, "Schemer, not only do your clothes look great, but there's something about how you put them on that's so...so...so great." I say to them, "Thank you very much." They say to me...I don't know..."You're welcome"--

was then

(CONT'D)

(THE PHONE RINGS. HE ANSWERS)

SCHEMER:

Hello?...oh, hi, Mommy...
Nothing, just standing
around in my
underwear...Shooting what
silly tv show?...What
makes you think I'm doing
that? Can't a guy come
home for his lunch hour
and take his clothes
off?...Oh, really? Great.
When? IN TEN
MINUTES?...No, nothing, I
can't wait. Bye.

Weak setup

✓ ?

} not sarcastic to mommy

(SLAMS PHONE. TO DAN, IN PANIC)

SCHEMER:

My mommy's coming home in
ten minutes. If she sees
I'm shooting the show in
my room, I'm history.

} what's the issue

DAN:

(STARTS TO LEAVE)

Then let's go.

SCHEMER:

No! Let's finish the
show.

(AT EASEL; TO CAMERA)

And blah blah, so today's
show is...

(REVEALS TITLE CARD)

"How to Get Dressed."

(HE SCURRIES OVER TO DAN AND
CLOTHES CADDY)

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Okay. Dan here will be my helper. So, you get up in the morning, and you take a shower.

(DAN SHAKES HIS HEAD "NO". SCHEMER STOPS, CONFRONTS HIM)

SCHEMER:

What do you mean, no?

DAN:

I don't take a shower in the morning. I take it the night before.

SCHEMER:

Okay, fine--

(HE LOOKS AT WATCH, FREEZES IN FEAR)

DAN:

Sometimes I take a bath. I used to use bubbles, but that was a long time ago, when I was little.

SCHEMER:

Do we have to talk about this now? My mommy's on her way and you're talking about bubble bath!

(FROM HERE ON, SCHEMER SPEAKS RAPIDLY, FIGHTING PANIC)

SCHEMER:

(TO CAMERA)

Okay. ^{You} Get up. ^{in the morning} Now, the first thing you put on, of course, is your underwear.

(CONT'D)

(DAN SHAKES HIS HEAD NO)

SCHEMER:

Yes you do. What else is
there to put on?

DAN:

I put my socks on first.

SCHEMER:

That's insane!

] That's backward.

DAN:

No it's not. My feet get
cold, so I put my socks
on as soon as I get out
of bed. Then I take my
pajamas off and put my
underwear on.

✓

SCHEMER:

Aha! So you admit you put
your underwear on!

DAN:

Oh, sure. But second.

SCHEMER:

(TO CAMERA)

~~So~~ ^{and socks} you have your under-
wear on. Now: what do you
put on next? Obviously--

(TAKES IT OFF VALET)

--the shirt.

(HE SHOVES HANDS INTO SLEEVES--THE
WRONG WAY. NOW THE SHIRT IS INSIDE
OUT; WHEN HE STARTS TO BUTTON IT,
HE HAS TROUBLE FINDING THE BUTTONS)

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Two quick tips. One,
don't put your shoes on
before your pants. Two,
button your shirt from
the bottom up. That
way...]?

(CAN'T FIND BUTTONS)

--that way...something's
wrong here. This shirt is
broken.

DAN:

I don't put my shirt on
first.

SCHEMER:

I suppose you put your
pajamas back on, then
take a bubble bath in
your shoes?

DAN:

After my underwear, I put
my pants on.

SCHEMER:

Well I put my shirt on
before my pants, and
THEN--

(GRABS PANTS OFF CADDY)

--and ONLY then, I put my
pants, and only my pants,
on.

(HE DOES DO, TUCKS SHIRT IN, ETC.,
WITH MOUNTING FEAR)

(CONT'D)

DAN:

That shirt is inside out.
I don't wear mine like
that.

SCHEMER:

She'll be here in five
minutes!

(RUSHING)

Then I put my socks on--

(SCHEMER SITS DOWN AND STRUGGLES TO
GET HIS SOCKS ON QUICKLY. DAN
WATCHES DEADPAN)

SCHEMER:

(TO CAMERA)

Almost got 'em on.

DAN:

Mine are already on.

SCHEMER:

I'll bet they are.

(FINISHED; LEAPS UP)

Okay. What's next?

DAN:

Shoes.

SCHEMER:

No no no no! Suspenders!

DAN:

I don't wear suspenders.

SCHEMER:

Who cares!



indeed

who cares

!!!

(CONT'D)

(SCHEMER LEAPS INTO SUSPENDERS, AND GETS TANGLED. CAN'T FREE ONE ARM, WHICH IS LASHED BEHIND HIS BACK. HE MANAGES TO SEE HIS WATCH, SCREAMS)

SCHEMER:

Ahh! Two minutes! The jacket!

DAN:

What about the shoes?

SCHEMER:

Get the jacket on me, quick!

(DAN GETS JACKET OFF VALET AND HOLDS IT OPEN WHILE SCHEMER--ARM STILL STUCK BEHIND HIM--TRIES TO GET IT ON. BY THE END HE'S WRITHING AROUND, HOPELESSLY TANGLED. UNDER THIS--)

DAN:

You know what, Schemer?

SCHEMER:

WHAT?

DAN:

I don't think it matters how you get dressed. As long as you end up wearing everything the right way. Don't you think?

No real pay off

SCHEMER:

Yes! All right!

(FREEZES, LISTENING)

What was that? It's her!
Getting out of the car!

(CONT'D)

(HE HOBLES OVER TO THE TAPE PLAYER, STARTS THE THEME MUSIC. THEN HOBLES FRONT AND CENTER, WHERE HIS SHOES ARE, AND TRIES TO STEP INTO THEM. ENDS UP DOING A LITTLE JIG. TO CAM--)

SCHEMER:

Dan is right! Get dressed however you want! Forget about me! Save yourself!

(FREEZES; LISTENING)

She's at the door!

(TO SCHEEME)

Turn off the camera!

(TO CAMERA)

Don't just sit there.
Run!

(HE HOPS/LURCHES OUT FRAME RIGHT, TOWARD FRONT DOOR. EXITS, THEN STICKS HEAD BACK IN AND YELLS AT US)

SCHEMER:

THIS IS SCHEMER, NOT SHOOTING A TV SHOW IN HIS BEDROOM.

(BEAT; FURTIVE WHISPER)

And I hope to see you seeing me next time, when Schemer presents, "Schemer Presents!"

(BEAT; TO SCHEEME)

I said turn off the camera!

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

(HE EXITS)

SCHEMER(OC):

Mommy! What a pleasant
surprise!

(BLACK OUT)
(HE EXITS)



SHINING TIME STATION

SCHEMER PRESENTS #11

How to Avoid An Argument

*How to
argue*

By

Ellis Weiner

Why avoid an argument

*How to disagree and
still be friends*

From Characters and Storylines Created by
Britt Allcroft and Rick Siggelkow

REVISED
JANUARY 6/93

(FADE IN)
(SCHEMER'S BEDROOM-DAY)

(MAIN AREA-TWO CHAIRS FRONT AND CENTER, IN WHICH SCHEMER LOOKS "SUAVE" WHILE GUEST [JANE] GLANCES AROUND SOURLY. SCHEMER HOLDS TWO TYPED SCRIPTS)

ANNOUNCER(VO):

Schemer Presents! A series of instructional-yet-fun videos, produced, written, and directed by Schemer. Starring Schemer himself, and taped on location in his own personal bedroom. And now, let's join Schemer.

SCHEMER:

(GENIAL; HOST-LIKE)

Hello. This is Schemer Presents, I'm Schemer...welcome back. And today I'm very excited, and very honoured, to have, as my special guest, Jane.

(ZOOM IN ON JANE, WHO FORCES A SMILE)

SCHEMER:

Jane is an old friend of mine. She's a professional actress. Jane, welcome. What a treat. When was the last time we worked together?

JANE:

About twenty years ago, Schemer. In high school.

Weak
set up
Weak resolution
Takes a bit
negative modeling

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Ah, yes. That production
of Oklahoma! You were Ado
Annie and I was...who was
I?

not needed

JANE:

A farmer. Uh, look,
Schemer, you said you had
work for me...is this it?
Or are we still waiting
for the cameraman.

(SCHEMER LOOKS EVASIVE; RE SCHEME)

That's the cameraman?
Your nephew?

(SCHEMER ESCAPES BY GETTING UP,
MOVES TOWARD EASEL)

SCHEMER:

Jane has very kindly
agreed to help me demon-
strate an important
lesson that I think might
surprise you.

(REMOVES SIGN)

"How to Avoid An Argu-
ment." What do you mean
by this? I mean--

(REMOVES THAT SIGN)

"How to Disagree Nicely."
In other words--

(REMOVES THAT ONE)

"How to Get Along With
People".

JANE:

Look, Schemer--

(CONT'D)

(RETURNS TO JANE UNDER--)

SCHEMER:

Sure, some of you are thinking, "Look, Schemer. Since when is getting along with people a problem for a man of your charm?" Since never, is when. Right, Jane?

JANE:

(TO HERSELF)

You're a professional. Deal with it.

Not understandable. This young man is

SCHEMER:

So to demonstrate how to avoid an argument, I've written a little scene here, which Jane will help me act out.

(SHE STANDS AS HE HANDS HER A SCRIPT. SHE SCANS)

SCHEMER:

(TO CAMERA)

In this scene, Jane will be herself, and I'll be me.

JANE:

(TO HERSELF)

Oh, no.

SCHEMER:

Oh no what?

JANE:

Nothing. I just--never mind.

?

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Is there a problem with
the script?

JANE:

I just think it reads a
little artificial. That's
all.

SCHEMER:

(WITH AN EDGE TO CAMERA)

Now, one way for Jane to
avoid an argument would
be to remember that I'm
the producer and the
writer and the director.
And she's the talent.
Hey! Maybe she'll remem-
ber that! Meanwhile,
let's keep going.

(READS FROM SCRIPT)

"Hello, Jane. How are
you?"

JANE:

(FIGHTING DEPRESSION)

"I'm fine, Schemer, and
how are you?"

SCHEMER:

"Just great. Say, isn't
it a beautiful day?"

JANE:

"Why no, it isn't."

SCHEMER:

"But the sky is blue and
the sun is shining
bright."

*And Jane going to give her
the 5 peanut
butter + jelly sandwiches
my money made for
me this week*

(CONT'D)

JANE:

"I don't like it when the sky is blue, and I hate the sun."

(PUTS DOWN SCRIPT)

Schemer?

SCHEMER:

"Well, maybe you're right, Jane. Blue can be pretty boring, and the sun is so samey--"

JANE:

Schemer!

SCHEMER:

What? You lost your place?

JANE:

No, I just--I just don't think this is a very good demonstration about how to avoid an argument, that's all. Sorry.

SCHEMER:

What's wrong with it?

JANE:

It's so wooden. It's so fake. Nobody talks like this.

Done

SCHEMER:

(GETTING MAD)

Oh really? I talk like this all the time. Watch. "Hello, Jane, isn't it a nice day--?"

(CONT'D)

JANE:

That was a mistake.

SCHEMER:

--Or at least it was until YOU came along!" I suppose you know more than I do about writing scripts. I suppose you've been producing "Jane Presents" for the past two weeks.

JANE:

(TO HERSELF)

I told my mother, "It's been twenty years." But she said, "Do me this favor, his mother is so nice..." Look, Schemer, can't we just write some different lines?

SCHEMER:

Are you saying that I don't know how to avoid an argument?

JANE:

I'm not saying that.

SCHEMER:

Yes you are! But I do. Watch.

know how to avoid an argument

(HE STANDS THERE, TAPPING HIS FOOT AND LOOKING "INNOCENT")

SCHEMER:

See? I am totally avoiding one. Just standing here, minding my own business.

(CONT'D)

JANE:

There's no need to fight.
Let's just work out some
new dialogue.

SCHEMER:

Fight? Who's fighting?
I'm avoiding an argument.
I'm not talking to you,
I'm not looking at you,
I'm not listening to you.

(SCHEMER TURNS ON HIS HEEL AND
HEADS TOWARD CLOSET)

SCHEMER:

I can do this perfectly
well with myself. I'll
just talk to myself in
the mirror.

(REHEARSING)

"Hello, Schemer--"

(HE OPENS CLOSET DOOR. AN IRONING
BOARD, STANDING ON END AND PROPPED
AGAINST THE INSIDE OF THE DOOR,
FALLS ONTO HIS HEAD WITH A BANG. HE
REELS AROUND AND COLLAPSES. JANE
RUNS OVER.)

JANE:

Are you alright?

SCHEMER:

I'm fine. Or are you
going to tell me I'm NOT
fine?

JANE:

Look, Schemer, there are
two ways to avoid an
argument, to disagree
nicely and get along with
people.

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

There are not!

JANE:

Yes there are. One is, keep your disagreement to yourself. The other is, express your own opinion, but remember where the other person is coming from. You don't have to agree with them, but you have to allow them to disagree with you.

SCHEMER:

That's ridiculous!

JANE:

Well, you're entitled to your opinion.

SCHEMER:

I am? Hey, thanks.

(BEAT)

Boy, it works, doesn't it.

(HE RISES AND GOES TO TAPE MACHINE,
STARTS MUSIC AND LOWERS CREDITS)

SCHEMER:

There you have it, friends. Either keep your opinion to yourself, or allow the other person to disagree. Then, remember where they're coming from, and then state your case. Anyway, that's my theory.

No.
Not clear. I had good advice.
Say what you think
listen carefully and ask questions so that
you understand exactly what
they're saying.
Let them know that everyone
has a right to their own
opinion.

Weak

(CONT'D)

JANE:

No it isn't. It's mine.

SCHEMER:

(AMUSED)

Well, I know you think it's yours, Jane. But that's okay. You're entitled to your opinion. And in my opinion, I hope to see you seeing me next time, when Schemer presents, "Schemer Presents."

(SLOW FADE AS THEY CONTINUE THIS EXCHANGE)

JANE:

Schemer, you're entitled to your opinion. But that was my idea.

SCHEMER:

Jane? Must you always argue with me?

JANE:

Me? You're the one who argues...

(ECT)

FADE TO BLACK

negative example



SHINING TIME STATION

SCHEMER PRESENTS #12

How To Share

By

Ellis Weiner

From Characters and Storylines Created by
Britt Allcroft and Rick Siggelkow

REVISED
JANUARY 8/93

phony sharing

(FADE IN)
(SCHEMER'S BEDROOM-DAY)

(MAIN AREA. FRONT AND CENTER IS THE
SCHEMER MANNIQUIN. THEME MUSIC
PLAYS, BUT NO SCHEMER. YET.)

ANNOUNCER(VO);

Schemer Presents! A
series of instructional-
yet-fun videos, produced,
written, and directed by
Schemer. Starring Schemer
himself, and taped on
location in his own
personal bedroom. And
now, let's join Schemer.

(SCHEMER LEAPS OUT FROM BEHIND
MANNIQUIN AND BOWS. RUNS UPSTAGE TO
KILL MUSIC. COMES BACK LOOKING
CONSPIRATORIAL, SECRETIVE)

SCHEMER:

I have had an idea that
is so brilliant it scares
even me. What is the one
thing I want to do?
Right--put arcades in
every station on the
Indian Valley line. Who's
the one man who can give
me the right to do that?
Mr. J.B. King. What does
he think of me? Right, he
thinks I'm an idiot. Am
I? Right--no.

crazy

(THE DOOR BELL RINGS. SCHEMER
GIGGLES AND WHISPERS)

SCHEMER:

How can I get Mr. King to
like me? By becoming
friends with him--OR WITH
SOMEONE HE LIKES. Such
as, oh Schemer the gen-
ius?

No manipulative

*The whole premise
is phony sharing*

(CONT'D)

(SOMEONE OUTSIDE BANGS HARD ON THE DOOR)

BUSTER:

Hey! What is this? Lemme in!

SCHEMER:

His favourite nephew,
Buster.

(SCHEMER CACKLES AND RUNS OFF RIGHT, RETURNS WITH PUGNACIOUS BUSTER. USHERS HIM IN SMOOTHLY)

SCHEMER:

Right this way, young
Buster. Behold: my room.

BUSTER:

What a ~~crappy~~ dump.
(RE SCHEME)
Who's he?

SCHEMER:

My nephew, Scheeme.
Scheeme, may I present
Buster. Hey. You guys
have so much in
common--you're both
nephews!

(BEAT OF SILENCE AS BUSTER GIVES SCHEMER A LOOK)

BUSTER:

So, where's the TV show
I'm gonna be on?

SCHEMER:

(GESTURES TO SET)
Here it is! Look at that
camera! Look at this
manniquin! Isn't this
neat?

(CONT'D)

BUSTER:

I had a camera like that
once. It got old so I
gave it to the guy who
mows the lawn.

} ??? Not needed

SCHEMER:

That must have made him
really happy!

BUSTER:

How should I know? So
what do I do on this
show? Can I kill some-
body?

} No

SCHEMER:

No, no--but somebody
might kill you!

(FORCED LAUGH)

} ??

Just kidding. No, Buster,
let me explain to you the
concept--

BUSTER:

(TO SCHEEME)

What are you looking at?
Go get me a drink.

} a bully
- doesn't take orders

(SCHEMER PAUSES FOR A BEAT, UNSURE
WHAT TO SAY. THEN--)

SCHEMER:

Scheeme? Why don't you
get Buster a soda from
the kitchen?

}

(THE CAMERA JERKS DOWN AND STAYS
THERE, SHOOTING THE FLOOR, AS
SCHEEME HAS LET IT GO IN DISGUST
AND GONE TO GET THE DRINK. SCHEMER
CHUCKLES, RUNS OVER, AND RIGHTS IT.
THUS WE HEAR SCHEMER FROM BEHIND
CAMERA AS HE SHOOTS BUSTER)

} amazing

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER(OC):

Ooops-ee! Hey, these things happen. So, Buster, let me tell you what we're doing. We're going to give a little five minute talk--

(BUSTER HAS STOPPED LISTENING AND HAS TURNED HIS BACK ON CAMERA. HE WALKS UPSTAGE TO INSPECT SCHEMER'S TOYS. ETC. THE PICTURE JERKS AS SCHEMER HAS LIFTED CAMERA OFF TRIPOD AND FOLLOWS, HAND-HELD)

Kids would associate these subtleties

BUSTER:

Is this your stuff? Yuck.

SCHEMER(OC):

--we're going to do a little five-minute show about--

(HE RUNS US OVER TO EASEL: HOW TO SHARE)

SCHEMER:

--How to Share. It will be part of the Schemer Presents series, and people will buy it, and show it on TV in their homes! You can tell people you know...like your uncle...that you're a TV star!

*gratuitous
manipulative*

BUSTER:

I don't have to share my soda, do I? Cause I don't do that.

> ??

SCHEMER:

No! My goodness, of course not. Ah, here comes Scheeme.

?? (Counter to the phrase)

(CONT'D)

BUSTER:
(TO UNSEEN SCHEMEE)

That better be cold!

(JUMP CUT TO MAIN AREA, A BIT
LATER. SCHEMER SHUT OFF THE CAMERA
WHEN SCHEMEE RETURNED. NOW SCHEMEE
IS BACK BEHIND CAMERA. BUSTER SIPS
A CAN OF SODA AS HE AND SCHEMER
STAND BESIDE MANNIQUIN)

SCHEMER:

Okay, Buster, let's get
started.
(TO CAMERA; SMILING)
Today's lesson is, How to
Share.
But first, let's talk
about why sharing is
important. Buster?

BUSTER:

What.

SCHEMER:

Why don't you tell our
viewers why it's import-
ant to share.

(BUSTER STARTS TO OBJECT, THEN
STOPS. THINKS ABOUT IT. HE HAS A
STATEMENT TO MAKE AFTER ALL. GIVES
SINISTER LITTLE SMILE TO CAMERA)

BUSTER:

It's important to share,
because if you've got
something I want, and you
don't share it with me,
I'll, like, tear your
elbows off or something.

(BEAT, WHILE SCHEMER ABSORBS THIS.
THEN HE QUICKLY GETS OUT A HUGE BAG
OF POTATO CHIPS)

✓ Threat of violence?

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

How come it's yours? Why
can't it be mine?

SCHEMER:

Okay, let's say Buster
has a bag of potato
chips. So, he eats one--

(BUSTER NOISILY TAKES BAG AND
SHOVES CHIPS IN MOUTH.)

SCHEMER:

--and he gives Manny the
manniquin one.

(BUSTER JUST STANDS THERE CHOMPING.
SCHEMER MUTTERS TO HIM)

SCHEMER:

Just pretend to give him
one.

BUSTER:

Do I have to?
(HOLDS OUT CHIP)
Here, dummy.

SCHEMER:

(AS MANNIQUIN)
Thanks, Buster!

(BEAT--THEN BUSTER EATS CHIPS
HIMSELF)

SCHEMER:

And now Buster gives me
one.

(BEAT--BUSTER KEEPS ON CHOMPING.
SCHEMER MUTTERS)

SCHEMER:

Give me one.

(CONT'D)

BUSTER:

No way.

SCHEMER:

Come on.

BUSTER:

Forget it! I already gave
Manny one. Go get your
own.

SCHEMER:

Buster, I do these shows
on my lunch hour. I
haven't eaten yet. GIVE
ME A POTATO CHIP.

BUSTER:

Too bad. You shouldn't
have given them to me.
Sorry.

SCHEMER:

You know what your prob-
lem is? You have to learn
how to share.

BUSTER:

What for?

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

I'll tell you what for.
Because sharing is a way
of being fair, and making
sure everyone has a turn
using OR EATING something.
Also because it's
more fun to do things
with other people. But
mainly because sharing is
a way of making sure no
one's feelings get hurt.
Not sharing is selfish,
mean--

Pay off.
all talk no
action

(EYES BUSTER, OBVIOUSLY IS DESCRIB-
ING HIM)

--spoiled, obnoxious,
nasty--

(HE GRABS BAG AWAY FROM BUSTER AND
DIGS IN. BUSTER HAS A TANTRUM)

BUSTER:

That's not fair! You gave
them to me! I want some
too! Me me me--!

SCHEMER:

I'll share them.
(HOLDS OUT BAG)
Here.

BUSTER:
(IMMEDIATELY NORMAL)

Thanks. Sucker. That's
less for you.

Duged into sharing

SCHEMER:

Sharing does mean less
for you. But you get a
good feeling from it.

(THEY MUNCH FOR A SECOND, THEN
SCHEMER BRINGS BAG TO CAMERA)

???

(CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Scheeme. Good work.

(--AND BEYOND, OFFERING IT TO SCHEMEE OFF-CAMERA. WE HEAR CRUNCH OF BAG. SCHEMER RETURNS, HANDS BAG TO BUSTER AS HE SPEAKS TO CAMERA)

SCHEMER:

We've all learned an important lesson today.
How to share.

(HE KEEPS GOING TO REAR AND DOES NOT SEE BUSTER SILENTLY TAKE BAG AND EXIT. SCHEMER REACHES TAPE, TURNS ON MUSIC, PULLS CREDITS)

SCHEMER:

This is Schemer. And I hope to see you seeing me next time, when Schemer presents, "Schemer Presents!"

(HE TURNS BACK TO CAMERA, SEES BUSTER IS GONE)

SCHEMER:

Hey!

(--AND HE RUNS OFF AFTER HIM, EXITING RIGHT. ZOOM IN ON CREDITS AS MUSIC PLAYS. THEN FADE OUT)

No we haven't
We've learned how
not to share
How to talk about it -
how good sharing is
but not act upon it
How to using "sharing" to
manipulate and
threaten -
call other names